

*Snowy gathering*

# THE BRANDON MAIL.

VOL. VI. NO. 35.

BRANDON, MAN., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1889.

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## A SKATE FOR A BRIDE.

Captain Stephenson and Lieutenant Carpenter of the Royal Irish Fusiliers were by consent the two handsomest men in the regiment, and what was rather remarkable, they were also the two greatest friends Major O'Gorman, always full of an opportunity to air his intimacy with the classic, compared them to Damon and Pythias. Now that they belonged to the other sex—but, pardon me—I won't finish the sentence. It would be an ill beginning to set the fairest portion of one's readers a bristling.

The captain and lieutenant had no resemblance to each other as regards either their physical or mental characteristics. Carpenter was of a tall and slight, yet sinewy build; a blond as to hair and complexion, and a jovial disposition; while Stephenson, on the other hand, just reached middle height, and possessed a sturdy, strong-knit frame, a well-bronzed face, and an abundance of dark brown curly hair, while at first glance one could not fail to see that energy, promptitude, and determination were the distinguishing traits of his nature. People who held to the ancient error embodied in the familiar adage that "like looks like" were at a loss to understand why two men who presented so marked a contrast should be such bosom friends, and were always propounding that they must sometime fall out. But the course of events, ever humorously careless of the reputations of prophets, failed to fulfil the predictions of Dahlousie Square and Sherbrooke street with entire impartiality, until the autumn of 1853 it seemed as though this ideal friendship was about to be exposed to an ordeal, through which it was scarcely possible for it to pass unscathed.

The apple of discord, in the person of Adèle Lavalle, a most bewitching brunette, in whose veins ran the best blood of venerable aristocratic houses, appeared upon the scene. Mademoiselle Adèle came up from her home in Montreal to spend the autumn months with a friend, and incidentally to break as many hearts among the dashing wasters of society as Cupid might give her grace to do. The circle of her admirers had assumed large proportions before Stephenson and Carpenter joined it, but when they did, the other suitors, regrettably recognizing their folly of striving against such doughty opponents, retired from the field, leaving the two friends to settle the matter between themselves as best they might. Of course everybody knew what would happen. There would be a rupture between Damon and Pythias. Possibly, and this added a most exciting relish to the affair, a meeting at daybreak behind the mountain with swords, sabres, and sabres in attendance. The bewitching brunette would bestow her hand upon the victor, and so forth and so forth.

Once more the prophets were at fault. Either Millie, Adèle possessed more than ordinary feminine skill in keeping two beaux on her string, or not even an influence so disturbing as a tender interest in the same character could set the friends at variance. The keenest observer, and the three were watched by many eyes, could not detect that Millie, Adèle betrayed the slightest preference for either of her handsome admirers, and, whatever was the understanding between the latter, they certainly showed no signs of making her a cause belli. It was altogether a very curious affair and aroused abundant gossip, but as the three principals concerned in it kept their own council despite every attempt to sound them, the gossip got nothing for their pains, and when, at the first approach of winter, Millie, Lavalle returned to Quebec, she left there in a quite patriotic state of darkness and being a widow. Had she accepted one of the gallant officers, or had she rejected them both? Had they given her the opportunity to either accept or reject? No one could tell. Stephenson and Carpenter were alike inscrutable, the gay insouciance of the one being as effective a barrier to inquiry as the quiet reserve of the other. This at all events was clear. No cloud had fallen upon their friendship. The eventful and the passing of the bewitching brunette had not apparently so much as ruffled its steadfast serenity.

The frost king acted very oddly that winter. The days slipped by as Christmas drew near, and still the ground was bare and brown, and the great river, unprotected by its accustomed icy breastplate ran wonderfully on to the ocean. The coming of Christmas was signalized by a tremendous snowstorm which paralyzed traffic the whole province through. The next event was an intense frost and in forty-eight hours "the waters were hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep was frozen." For weeks thereafter no more snow fell, and there was such skating on the river as there had not been before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Day after day the ice was dotted over with swift-skating figures. A made over for the delightful sport took possession of the city, and business being then in the very depths of its customary midwinter stagnation nearly everybody was free to go skating that wished. Not a day passed that the Captain and Lieutenant did not spend some portion of it upon the ice. They were both good skaters. Stephenson being the stronger and swifter, Carpenter, the more expert and graceful.

Having thus indulged his grateful subjects with an unparalleled period of open-air skating the frost king near the end of January further bewitched the oldest inhabitant by suddenly withdrawing his presence, and a January thaw set in which threatened to turn winter into spring more prematurely. Pools and ponds of water

shimmered all over the surface of the sea. Waves, the roads were reduced to an endless series of cahots, the air was heavy with moisture and exceedingly enervating.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Carpenter vigorously, one morning, as he and Stephenson were walking back to their quarters from parade, "this is too beastly bad. How are we ever to get to Quebec if this sort of thing keeps up. The roads are simply awful, everybody says. Nothing but bump—bump—bump every yard of the way. You can't get to Quebec under two days."

"Are you so very anxious to go?" asked Stephenson, with a quiet smile.

"Of course I am," replied Carpenter, promptly. "I'm not only anxious to go, but I'm bound to do it. If I have to walk these. I imagine you're pretty much the same boy, aren't you, old fellow?" and it was now his turn to smile as he regarded his companion with a quizzical, enquiring glance.

Stephenson made no answer, but his smile was of a kind that implies ascent, and another officer joining them at that moment, nothing more was said before they separated.

Their desire to go to Quebec arose from this cause. Mademoiselle Lavalle had arranged to give a splendid ball the day before the Lenten season would begin, and to give a veto on such gayety, and very cordial invitation had come to both the Captain and Lieutenant. These invitations were eagerly accepted, and, although not a word of mutual explanation had passed between the two men there was a perfect tacit understanding that this ball would decide their fate so far as Mademoiselle Adèle affected it. The situation was a very strange one. They both loved the lovely brunette. Each thought the other enjoyed her preference, yet was not certain of the matter, and as instead of harboring jealousy, they were magnanimous enough to leave the issue in the hands of the lady herself, in the mean time permitting no discord to mar the harmony of their long established friend ship.

The thaw continued up to within three days of the ball, and then, as suddenly as he had departed, the frost king reappeared, in a single night freezing everything into cast iron solidity. When Stephenson and Carpenter met again the following morning at breakfast, the latter was already rising above the river's lofty bank, making every step of their way plain. So soon after eight o'clock they had put on their skates and were off, the ruddy sun was already rising above the horizon, the sky was clear and the atmosphere was bright and sunny. The river was now as smooth as a mirror, reflecting the light of the rising sun, and the two friends were soon on their way, the distance between them being but a few yards.

"Hurrah! old chap. Isn't this splendid?

No trouble about getting to Quebec now," he exclaimed.

Stephenson, who brought himself at once of icy roads torn by rugged rocks, and broken up into innumerable cahots far worse now than they had been during the thaw, looked a little puzzled, and murmured something about "frightful roads," and "probability of broken necks," whereupon Carpenter burst out laughing.

"My dear fellow, I don't mean to go by coach, our portmanteaus can go that way. Th' bamps won't hurt them. My plan is to state down."

"Skate down!" cried Stephenson in surprise. "Are you in earnest? Why, man the distance is more than a hundred and fifty miles."

"I never was more in earnest in my life," answered Carpenter seriously. "The ice will be in grand condition along the North Shore, and I'm sure it would be infinitely better skating down than being bumped over those awful roads for two days."

Stephenson reflected. After all they should not have to skate to Quebec! They could start early in the morning, and ought to reach the city by noon. The time was short, and the distance was long, but the road was smooth, and the sky was clear and the atmosphere was bright and sunny. The river was now as smooth as a mirror, reflecting the light of the rising sun, and the two friends were soon on their way, the distance between them being but a few yards.

Accordingly the next morning bright and early the skaters set forth from Montreal on their long spin seaward. The dry road as fine as heart could wish. The sun shone from a cloudless sky, the thermometer stood at fifteen above zero, the air was perfectly clear, and most exhilarating if not perfect. It was slow work, but Stephenson stuck to it until at last, both feeling so thoroughly exhausted that they had scarcely strength to unstrap their skates, they dragged themselves ashore at Portneuf, and half an hour later were resting their weary limbs in the best beds the hotel afforded.

The next morning they were terribly stiff and sore, and it demanded all the determination they possessed to return to the ice instead of finishing the journey by sleigh, but having begun they were bound to persevere to the end, so, heading out the protests of the over taxed bodies, they resumed their skates immediately after breakfast, and with about forty miles of ice before them pushed off along the river. The weather continued fine, and the ice good but their pace was necessarily slow. However, on they went, past Caple Sainte-Eustache, Pointeaux Trembles, St. Augustin and Poveau Point, until their eager eyes were gladdened by the welcome sight of the rock of Quebec thrusting its vast bulk out of the form of a stupendous couchant set into the mighty river.

It was natural that they should be tempted to push on, step by step, to prove how great was their endurance, but it was very unfortunate, for near Wolfe's Cove, where the current runs swiftly, the ice was thin and treacherous, and on taking what he thought to be a short cut, Carpenter reached this dangerous spot. Not liking the look of the ice Stephenson, who had kept straight on ahead, headed up shore, panting out breathlessly.

"Hold on, Stephenson, I can't keep that up all the way to Quebec. Suppose we take it easy a while."

Stephenson checked himself, saying with a merry smile. "Right you are, my boy. It's going steadily, not sporting in this mad fashion, that will take us through."

They had spent an hour over the map the evening before, and with the advice of a friend who knew the river by heart, had planned out their route as follows: Leaving nearly fifty miles away, they hoped to reach in time for dinner about midday: Three Rivers, forty miles farther, ought to be made; the roads are dusky; then, having had supper and rest, they might push on to Portneuf, for the moon was in full splendor, and the evening is for the night, leaving only about

forty miles to be finished the following morning.

Exulting in their strength and skill they sped over the ice with long steady strokes, not talking much, but making up for their silence by incessant smoking as mile after mile slipped by, and the sun rose higher in the heavens. Winding in and out among the countless islands, which often hid altars, the mighty river, Pointeaux Trembles, Rognay, and Lavaliere, were one after another sighted and left behind, the skaters pausing only when their pipes required refilling. They were therefore not ill pleased when the long chain of islands ceased, and coming out into a broad open reach of river they presently descried the cluster of houses at La Roche looming up in the distance, for they were beginning to feel both hungry and weary.

It was just mid day when they drew up at Lanoria with appetites keen as razors, a good dinner, an hour's lounge in the hotel parlor, and they burked on their skates and were off again with Three Rivers as their ob-

jective point.

The bewilderment maze of islands which fills the western end of Lake St. Peter, bothered them not a little, and they lost some time by not sticking to the main channel, but at length keeping well towards the north shore they pegged away steadily and the dusk began to gather as they reached and passed Pointe du Lac, and were thus assured of getting to Three Rivers in good time for tea. They were accompanied by a host of extra speed, and they were pretty well out when shortly after six o'clock the lights of Three Rivers flashed out over the sparkling ice, and slipping off their skates they made their way to the nearest hotel.

They were of course the subjects of all sorts of enquiries, which they answered pleasantly enough as they sipped many cups of cheery tea, and afterwards rested for an hour before resuming their journey. The landlord did his best to dissuade them from going so far that night, telling them that they were more than halfway already, and could do the remainder of the distance much better after a good night's rest; but they were not to be moved. The river between Three Rivers and Portneuf was free from difficulties. There was no island nor rapid, to bother them, and the moon, whose ruddy shoulder was already rising above the horizon, would make every step of their way plain.

Stephenson, who started from the village of St. Jean des Châlonnes and Lothropine, they were glad that their route lay along a river upon whose shores the homes of men had followed one another in almost unbroken succession.

Stephenson, who brought himself at once of the warmth of fireplaces, was soon in bed, his strength failing him.

"And so you skated all the way from Montreal to be at my ball. Ought I not to be proud of such a clever youth?"

Stephenson had entered into covenant with himself that he would not take advantage of Carpenter's absence from the field to open heart to Adèle, for he then thought that their chances were not at least equal, if indeed Carpenter were not the favorite. But Adèle's manner seemed to put a different face on the affair. Was it possible that he stood first in her good graces, and if so, why delay the test? She knew that Carpenter had come upon the same quest as he had, and would present himself as soon as his strength permitted. There was fore no fear that his cause would suffice by his untimely misadventure.

The evening passed in a whirl of delight. Stephenson claimed Carpenter's share of Millie Adèle's dances as well as his own, and she seemed nothing loath to grant them. Towards midnight they sought a quiet nook in the conservatory to rest awhile, for the gallant captain found his long slate had not been without its effects upon him. They were alone and unseen. The music throbbed and blared on the spacious salons, and the conservatory was deserted.

"Carpenter," said Stephenson, as he sank upon a seat beside his beautiful companion. "Do you not feel sorry for him?"

And he gave a keen glance at the perfect face turned towards him. Millie Lavalle caught the meaning of that look as though it had been expressed in print. Her eyes drooped, the color flowed in a great wave over her entrancing cheek, and her hand clasped tightly the rose she had just been laying with as she murmured softly:

"I am sorry for him."

Whatever Stephenson lacked it was neither penetration nor promptitude, and it surely is not necessary to detail the events immediately succeeding the utterance of those five little, but significant words.

When Stephenson went back to the hotel he found Carpenter awake, and longing for his return. He had hardly entered the room before the latter gave him a searching glance, and his face paled until it was scarcely less white than the pillow on which it lay. Then controlling himself by a silent effort he held out his hand, saying in a low voice:

"You need not tell me, old man. I can graduate you with all my heart. You'll let me be your best man, won't you?" — J. Macdonald Odeley, in Montreal star.

The Wave of Death.

own in a moment's time, with its terrible death.

Came the wave, powerfully sweeping, ferociously rushing.

Down, and the sandbags, down again,

Down again, and the sandbags, unbroken,

Down again, and the sandbags, broken,



Crops in Dakota.

To the Editor of the Brandon Mail.  
Dear Sir:—My last letter was dated at Foster City. At this point we strike the Jim River Valley. I had three of the Dakota papers and their immigration literature heard a good deal about this valley, so much that I was very anxious to see it. Well, the country has been settled. I have seen Jim River Valley, but I failed to see the big trees, the milk in the houses. It is true that hereat Nookard there is a creamery but it is not running at present. This seems to be an off year for Jim's Valley, milk as well as wheat. Jim's River is a small stream rising south of Devil's Lake and running south three hundred miles and emptying into the Missouri. It is a small stream, cattle feeding it without difficulty. Following the valley from Carrington to Jamestown, fifty miles, crops are almost a total failure. In fact the only crop grown is wheat and that has failed to ripen this year. Wheat along this route will not average more than six bushels per acre. No hay, and very little grass here. At Carrington I strike the first railway road. The Northern railway running from Paul's to the coast got a bid grant of 100 miles on each side of the road, of course, in each section, just think of it, forty miles wide! years ago the great bulk of this land was bought up by speculators claiming to be German farmers and owning from ten to sixty thousand acres, and now holding this land at high prices; but a few more frost like last year and a few more droughts like this year will seal the fate of these land speculators, finally I reach Jamestown, the County town of Stutsman County, on Jim's River, it is a place of some importance, being a divisional Railway point and a railway junction, as a town it is not as large as Brandon, there is a great complaining here of hard times, a total stagnation of business stores closed, hotels shut up, saloons abandoned, even the boat-black has thrown up the sponge and left for the west to grow up with the country.

From Jamestown west, one hundred miles is Bismarck, the capital of Dakota, as a whole, although the land is poor, light yellow prairie, sandy soil, poor gravelly soil, little or no wheat along this route this year, at Bismarck there are but two elevators and one mill suffices for this year. Again at Jamestown I head south and follow Jim's Valley fifty miles to La Mire, this is the County town of La Mire County. The road runs along the bank of the river for those fifty miles, the valley averages about two miles in width. Now for this fifty miles wheat is an absolute, entire failure, not more than one-fourth of it will be cut and the balance will not average six bushels per acre. No hay, very poor grass and very little live-stock in the valley, such is this fifty miles of Jim's Valley. Here at La Mire the valley widens out into rolling prairie. I stopped here a day, visited a number of farms and had a talk with many farmers, wheat in this district will go eight bushels to the acre, and hay a total failure. I visited a creamery here, being the first one I found running this year in Dakota, but this one is a very nice little creamery making a good sample of butter. Farmers here and in fact in every county I have visited complain bitterly of high and exorbitant taxes, State taxes, County taxes, Town tax, Hospital tax and School tax, all told here in this County have a tax rate of twenty-eight mills in the dollar, on a very high valuation of personal property (no exemption here) assessed at its full value and in many cases more, so even the speculator who has a house and/or even renting his land to cattle he is taxed a square section here this year will not net even wheat enough to give it seed and pay the taxes which will fall in those over twenty-eight mills per half acre, and think of that, farmers of Manitoba. From La Mire I took off to the east for a distance of four miles to the town of Laddie, a County town of Benson County, here this route the country is better, a good deal of wheat is raised, and a number of which will sell for a bushel, some being placed under a fence, and not even a few stalks owing to it being so sandy soil and a very dry year, there are a few hay and grass along the route, however, for feed for stock in the winter, the best is on the Sioux and Cheyenne, both areas with some timber along them. Truly a very dry year, indeed, here, fields deserted, wells dry and stocks dead, still there is some oil and gas, however, for a few months, and there are two or three horses, there is a meet meeting for the local horsemen and men over the S. Dak. Hunt established at Laddie. Farmers here have told me that the farms in Rains on County are poor, then they were ten years ago. I saw a man here on Sunday sold twenty head of cattle for two hundred dollars, wheat here to day is sixty cents, everybody here is complaining of hard times, failure of crops, low prices, high taxation, railway and elevator companies and the high price of transportation implement, still there hope that next year will bring lots of rain and the with a good deal of tillage by using more manure and a good deal of industry. Then if they can get rid of their extravagance either is they think they can "pull through" and your correspondent hopes that they won't be disappointed.

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WESTERN DIVISION.

### TIME TABLE.

Corrected to December 9, 1888

ROAD DOWN STATIONS READ UP.

Going West

M 12:30 Ar. Port Arthur Ar. E 10:30

18:45 Savoie 10:00

22:15 Ignace 7:00

C 5:15 Fort Macleod 24:01

8:15 East Selkirk 1:00

12:00 Ar. Winnipeg 1:00

A 16:00 Ar. Portage la Prairie 1:00

21:30 Portage la Prairie 1:00

23:45 Fort Garry 1:00

2:45 Ar. Brandon 1:00

10:30 Ar. Virden 1:00

14:45 Ar. Dauphin 1:00

19:00 Ar. Swan River 1:00

23:15 Ar. St. Lazare 1:00

2:15 Ar. St. Boniface 1:00

10:30 Ar. West Selkirk 1:00

Going East

F 12:30 Ar. Winnipeg Ar. G 11:00

18:45 Kildonan 10:00

21:30 Parkdale 10:00

23:45 Victoria Park 10:00

2:45 Ar. Lower Fort Garry 10:00

10:30 Ar. West Selkirk 1:00

14:45 Ar. Virden 1:00

19:00 Ar. Dauphin 1:00

23:15 Ar. Swan River 1:00

2:15 Ar. St. Lazare 1:00

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23:45 Ar. West Selkirk 1:00

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## THE BRANDON MAIL.

### THE BRANDON MAIL.

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C. CLIFFE,

Publisher and Proprietor.

## The Brandon Mail.

14 THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1889.

VOL. 6. NO. 34

MR. SMART AND THE REFORMERS.

TODAY.

Our local editor of the Grit faith has been so pleased to the quick over a short paragraph in our issue of two weeks ago dealing with the contract letting of Mr. Smart on the Reformatory, that it finds it necessary to devote a whole column in reply, and even then, as the public would expect, fight shy of the real point at issue. About one-half the article is devoted to lauding Mr. Smart's great irreproachable character as if this was the question in issue. We fully know the importance of a battle of this kind. There are wire pullers who transact the whole business for him, who dare not ask for the suffrage of a constituency themselves, knowing the consequences, or who having time and again endeavored to manipulate constituencies in their own interest signifiably failed in nominations, who use Mr. Smart's name in real reputation for their own glorification. As an angel on earth Mr. Smart may be all these wire pullers declare him to be, but that is not the point in question. The public know he never had an original idea in his own head his managers knew it, and they appear to it in that he is the more plastic and therefore easily manipulated. But as to his towering popularity, the public fail to measure it. The only time he ever ran an even handed contest was with Mr. Daly for the majority of Brandon, and the consequences are deep in his marrow bones ever since. He next ran against Mr. Winters, a gentleman unknown to one half the constituency, and was elected through defeat in the Conservative party over the anti-Norquay feeling that so largely prevailed, and the third contest was not as Mr. Smart but as the Minister of Public Works, and after running off nearly twice official votes, received less than 60 of a majority, whence and his were disappointed in not receiving three times that number. This is Mr. Smart's triumphant success, backload of character, popularity and all. But to the point. Listen to what his apologetic organ has to say in reply to charges of robbery in letting of the contract that have appeared in these columns:

"We have the best of reasons for believing that neither Mr. Kelly nor any other tenderer nor any one on behalf of any one tenderer for this work had any idea what the figures of any other competitor were. As a matter of fact every one of the tenders previous to the awarding of the contract to Mr. Kelly, was kept among the private papers and in the private safe of the Commissioner of Public Works, and no one of the clerks in the department had access to them, nor did any one of the clerks in the department of public works or in any other department in the provincial government know what the figures of the tendered were before the contract was let, f any one is inclined to challenge what we have said, an application to the Minister of Public Works will satisfy them on this head though we have no authority to advance this testimony."

Here is exonerating testimony but "we (the Sun writer) have no authority to advance it." Mr. Smart has been in conclave with the writer of the foregoing since the accusation is appeared in these columns, and still he has given no instruction as to the form a denial should take. This is strange but it is not strange still the Sun man should know which tenders were "kept among the private papers and in the private safe of the Commissioner of Public Works and no one of the clerks had access to them," if Mr. Smart had not told him so. Is it a fact he Sun man is sufficient of a spiritualistic medium to know what private papers are kept in Mr. Smart's private safe without being told by Mr. Smart himself? The average mind must believe, if the Sun man had not access to that "private safe," he must have been told by Mr. Smart what was in it, and if Mr. Smart told him it is not reasonable he also told him how "to advance this testimony." If Mr. Smart did

not tell the Sun man those facts, and if he goes them through access to the private safe, is it not reasonable to believe others, the eleventh hour, could have got them in the same way. A more immoral point is this, however. Mr. Bateman says Mr. Kelly, the successful tenderer, was advised by a clerk in Mr. Smart's department of the nature of other tenders seen before the extra bid was asked for. Is this true or is it not. If it is true then it matters not whether the tenders were in the "private safe" of Mr. Smart, Mr. Peterson, or the Sun man. If it is not true, it should be placed in such a form as to call for an investigation. It is in the disclosure of information that should have been kept secret until the work was let; that the public are interested, and not in where Mr. Smart keeps his private papers or his private safe. Can the Sun understand this?

But further again, we told Mr. Kelly was some \$800 lower than the next lowest tenderer. Now, as another says he could have tendered some \$700 lower for the carpenter work than he did, and lower for other work also had sufficient time been given, it is a clear case he could have been at least \$800 lower than he has had the question of time been as it should have been, and therefore, doubtless the lowest tenderer.

#### THE BRANDON SUN MADE TO SHINE IN ANOTHER LIGHT.

"There is not the slightest ground to assume that there was in the whole matter the approach to unfairness, partiality or crookedness of any kind. The considerations were to get the work done and at the best price. As a matter of fact Mr. Hanbury's tender was over three thousand dollars lower than the next best offer. He was a man of undoubted means, ability and reputation. He put up the required sum, and if he had not an often offered excuse, it would demand to know why he had not."

"Very honest man in the community will easily and comment the action of the Government. There would be a sorry lookout for this province if it were not certain that public sentiment would assurably support the Government under such circumstances. It is not to be expected that envy and malice will be flushed atomic, nor that there will not be found men of blunted moral sensibilities and brains from whom who could essay to besmirch the character of an angel of light were he to visit our earth, provided revenge might be gratified or a point against an opponent made. No public man can hope to escape attacks from men of this stamp, with whom, unfortunately, every community is more or less burdened."

If it were not for the quotation marks of one of our readers who do not enjoy the relish of reading the Brandon Sun might imagine that the above remarks originated in this office. But they did not. We have clipped the above from a Sun article on the Reformatory. We have struck out Mr. Kelly's name and inserted Mr. Hanbury's and have changed "eight hundred dollars" to three thousand dollars, as the facts are different in these respects. With these alterations we present to brother Peterson his ideas as they should and ought to apply in the case of the Brandon Post office. "It all depends upon whose ox is gored;" "People who live in glass houses &c." Take the lesson to yourself Peterson and do less of the besmirching your companion of others.

#### TO STONE THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

In view of the answer given by the Governor General to the Equal Rights committee who presented largely signed petitions praying for the disallowance of the Jesuit act, it is not likely he will meet with much of a reception when he travels through the Protestant sections of the Dominion. Lord Stanley in giving his personal opinions as he did in favor of the Jesuits when they were not wanted, has perhaps made himself a soldier among the Jesuits in Quebec, but it has been at the expense of his personal popularity in the other provinces. He is coming to Manitoba pretty soon, but we reckon he will receive no such reception as did Lord Dufferin and Lord Lorne." Portage la Prairie Review.

Is not the foregoing a nice specimen of editorial advice from a creature that was once the master of the Orange body in Manitoba, and that to this day poses as a leading Conservative notwithstanding his alliance with C. P. Brown and Thomas Greenway to destroy the Norquay Government, he was elected to support. An Orangeman is sworn to anything, and if there is anything in orangism, it is loyalty to our Queen and country; and here we have traitor Robinson inciting public sentiment against the representative of Her Majesty because he refuses to ignore the constitution and follow the advice of J. M. Robinson.

Whether the federal government did right or wrong in refusing to disallow the Jesuit Bill is a matter upon which every man is entitled to his opinion. Those who conscientiously believe the government should have disallowed that Act are justly entitled to hold the government

responsible for it wrong, but it does not entitle them to rebuke the representative of Her Majesty or to incite public reprobation for him on a contemplated visit to the country for adopting the constitutional course in that connection, when asked by a self constituted delegation, to act according to their wishes and ignore the advice of his constitutional advisers. As Robinson wants his honor to do just to the Governor General used to do in the days of Lord Elgin, and which was the means of occasioning the McKenzie rebellion of '37, it will be in order for the Portage constitutional reformer to induce the mob to pelt eggs at the Queen's representative when in a few weeks from now he visits this province. For an act like that will doubtless consider himself, the more courageous an Orangeman, whatever society may think of the daring feat of patriotism.

In the days of Lyon McKenzie, the Governor-General were in the habit of selecting their Cabinets from the Upper Houses, and not from the assemblies chosen by the people, and dismissing Cabinets as will. Again this, such soon of Liberals as Baldwin and Lafontaine aided later by Sir John Macdonald and other Conservatives, labored unceasingly until at the downfall of the Dufferin administration in 1848, and the removal of Metcalfe this usage received its death blow. Then a state of things was inaugurated. Since that time Canadian cabinets have been selected from the assemblies for the most part, and the governors have been governed by their advice. This is what is known in Canada as constitutional usage and responsible government. Traitor Robinson, however, wants the labor of the true Reformers of Canada and the advanced Conservatives unimpeded, that he may be "a law unto himself," and a deliverer of the people."

The most of the Orange body, all of the Liberal Conservatives, and many of the sensible Reformers approved of the behavior of Lieutenant Letellier when he was beheaded, and his offence was refusing to be guided by his constitutional advisers, the government of Quebec, when it was known they had a majority in the House; and now Robinson wants the governor of Canada to do exactly what cost Letellier his head and cost himself a leading Conservative and a leading Orangeman while doing it. Lord Stanley says in his reply to the petitioners: Your petition does not contain one tenth of as many names as there were votes cast for the 188 members of the House who supported the Conservative party in the Ottawa House of Commons. The vote was carried 188 to 13. I know the Government were supported in the House on that question, and I can but listen to them, knowing from these facts it is to be done, under responsible rule to do so.

As we have said above Robinson may be justified in abusing the Government as he likes for doing in that matter as he thinks they should have not done, and responsible, Orangeman and all that is in doing his best to make a premier out of Laurier, the leader of the Opposition, one of the greatest Jesuits in the country, but he will have uphill work in convincing a law abiding public the Governor is bound to listen to his behests and ignore the recommendations of his constitutional advisers in the age of constitutional rule.

#### DEBT AND ASSETS.

To listen to some of the Canadian papers when discussing the Canadian debt of \$237,000,000, an uninformed person would be led to believe the present government had piled up that amount from deficits, that the debt was there and there was nothing for it. For the information of those who may not be thoroughly posted on Canadian undertakings, we offer a few explanations. When in 1864 the only debt held by both political parties, the only way out of the deadlock was through Confederation if was agreed the Federal government, by taking charge of the Customs, the Inland Revenue, the Post offices, and other sources of revenue should also assume most of the Provincial indebtedness. Accordingly \$86,000,000 was assumed which amount included \$16,000,000 of a guarantee on behalf of the Grand trunk R. R. Later again another revision of the debt took place concurred in by both parties, by which another ten millions was thrown on Federal shoulders, making an assumption account \$106,000,000. Then the Intercolonial R. R. was built by the consent of both parties, and to carry out the terms of Confederation, at a cost of about \$35,000,000. Canal building and enlargement were carried on at a cost of about \$30,000,000 more in terms of Confederation agreement, and later we have the C. P. R. costing over \$75,000,000 more. Some of the extra grip papers declare this R. R. should have been built more out of the lands, while many in the north west say it should have been built more from the funds of Confederation leaving the lands as an income. Now, no one has the hardihood to dispute any of these items or to say they are larger than they should be for the work performed, and still the howl prevails. In the aggregate then they amount to:

Funde Debt	\$166,000,000
Intercolonial R. R.	\$35,000,000
Canals	\$30,000,000
C. P. R.	\$75,000,000
	\$246,000,000

Thus it will be seen the government has not only met running expenses out of the revenues since confederation, but actually paid off all other public works in Canada costing many millions, paid the eleven millions of a deficit legacy left by the Blake-MacKenzie administration, and spent sixteen millions on the cost of these superfluous undertakings recited above besides. As it is not at all probable, in fact it is hardly possible for many years to come our revenues constantly increasing, there must be a considerable gain of revenue over outlay. If the country does not rapidly decline, but in the public works are called for with our increase of population and resources, the increase of debt must at least relatively decline. It is however, very proper the crooks should see that if there are heavy liabilities there are a few good assets to show for it, and that the money has not been squandered when spent on works without which Canada should always have remained a number of small and separated povances, without standing or national prestige.

Major Bolton has come out in a letter to the Winnipeg Sun exonerating Sir John A. Macdonald from the charge made by Mr. H. M. Howell of Winnipeg, responsibility for wrecking the Conservative party in Manitoba over the d'Orval allowance question, and the Sun uses the diction for a purpose of its own. Hear it:

"We do not intend to get mixed up in this little family quarrel, but we would wish to settle the Major one question. Mr. Calle, the editor of the Brandon Mail, says that Mr. Van Horne informed him while the Norquay government was in office, that an arrangement was arrived at to do away with railway monopoly." It was not but least Mr. Smart is a colleague of those Greenway the hero of the Northern Pacific contract and the robbery that was connected with its inception. In a gentleman of whose character the Sun is so jealous, Mr. Smart has certainly been very unlucky in choosing his politicalfellows. We don't wish to judge Mr. Smart harshly but it is an old and a trite saying that "evil communications corrupt good morals." So far as Mr. Smart's political position is concerned he is simply a creature of circumstances. The man has no ability above the average. He never originated an idea in his life. Parrot like he repeats what is taught him. Peterson enjoyed the position of wet nurse after William Winter resigned and now Joseph Martin holds the leading strings of Manitoba's Minister of Public Works. What there is in a name to be sure. Shorn of his public position the incumbent of this office would quickly sink into that insignificance from whence he came.

It was simply owing to the fact that he had a business backing that few in a new country enjoyed, and was supposed to have money and was a bitter partisan enjoying a more deadly reputation than his fellows, that originally brought James A. Smart into public life in Brandon. It was not the man's own genial nature or personal popularity that sent him ahead. The only straight battle he ever fought in Brandon was in 1884 when he was beaten by Mr. Daly for the mayoralty. When Smart was elected in 1886 against Mr. George Winter, he enjoyed the advantage of a united party at his back, whilst Mr. Winter had the anti-Norquay cry to contend against and was not upheld by his party as he should have been. Had the conservative electors of North Brandon at that time been united or their man James A. Smart would have again suffered defeat. When the Editor of this paper appeared in against Mr. Smart in 1888 we might say that he fought a forlorn hope. Smart had the prestige of being a member of a new Government and we all know what an influence that has in the electorate. Besides the Editor of this paper had conscientiously exposed the conduct of the Norquay Government and in consequence of that he no doubt did not enjoy the full confidence of the Conservative Electorate of the constituency. Yet at the same time he was beaten by 60 of a majority.

We have gone into these matters at some length to show that Mr. Smart is not the great man in his own home that the Sun would make out. If the Sun will leave Mr. Smart alone we will do so too.

But we everlasting protest right here at the undue prominence that the Sun gives on every occasion to the goodness of the character of Mr. Smart.

We hold that Mr. Smart is no better or worse than any of his present colleagues and any man that will associate himself with and will uphold and defend the first contract that the Martin Government made with the Northern Pacific is not to be considered just in being held up as a man "who enjoys a character for probity and uprightness." As to the latter part of the quotation we will dismiss the same with the remark that perhaps the man of the Sun Editor has been somewhat unwise in his opinion justified in being held up as a man "who enjoys a character for probity and uprightness."

It is unnecessary to say the above quotation is from the Brandon Sun. That pure, clean minded man Peterson is terribly shocked that the sainted minister of Public Works should be called to task, or

worse still that the unadulterated government of which he is a member should have their acts criticised. We are to understand from the above that James A. Smart and his colleagues are like Caesar's wife, above suspicion that they are Ismiles in whose there is no guile. That in fact no wrong can come out of the combination that now rules the roost in Manitoba. We are sorry we cannot agree with our friend. All should like to please him and others, (they are few) who have such an high estimate of James A. Smart. All we can say is that we do not know from Mr. Smart's public record while he has been in public life, that he is any better or any purer, nor does he enjoy any greater, or better reputation for probity and uprightness than those who have been and are still opposed to him. It is true that he does enjoy a better reputation in these cardinal virtues than did some of the men whom he supported for office and with whom he was a colleague and likewise of the men with whom he now sits in council. Mr. Smart was a steady supporter for the mayoralty of Mr. J. E. Woolworth in 1882. It was Woolworth who placed the Court House where it is. Mr. Smart was a supporter and colleague of Mr. William Winter who was mayor of Brandon in 1883. It was in this year also that another colleague and political friend of Mr. Smart, Mr. Ex. Ald. Angus was chairman of the Board of Works. It was in this year 1883 that robbery reign'd in every matter in our city. When the Hose tower was built, when 18th Street was graded in 1883, and when the cemetery was purchased by the city. Mr. Smart was a friend and supporter of Ex alderman A. L. Sifton who made the celebrated blue list; local voters list. Our readers will recollect it. Mr. Smart was a strong supporter of Mr. John A. Christie the gentleman who was defeated for Selkirk and who supplied the lumber for sidewalks in 1882, and last but not least Mr. Smart is a colleague of those Greenway the hero of the Northern Pacific contract and the robbery that was connected with its inception. In a gentleman of whose character the Sun is so jealous, Mr. Smart has certainly been very unlucky in choosing his politicalfellows. We don't wish to judge Mr. Smart harshly but it is an old and a trite saying that "evil communications corrupt good morals." So far as Mr. Smart's political position is concerned he is simply a creature of circumstances. The man has no ability above the average. He never originated an idea in his life. Parrot like he repeats what is taught him. Peterson enjoyed the position of wet nurse after William Winter resigned and now Joseph Martin holds the leading strings of Manitoba's Minister of Public Works. What there is in a name to be sure. Shorn of his public position the incumbent of this office would quickly sink into that insignificance from whence he came.

"Alluding to Mr. Prendergast's resignation, because of the announced programme of the government relative to dual languages and separate schools, the Brandon Sun says: "In every other respect Mr. Prendergast supports the government." Most people will not readily understand how Mr. Prendergast, holding the views his people hold, with respect to their "rights" in the maintenance of the French language and of separate schools, can support a government pledged to abolish both."

[The Winnipeg Sun has the foregoing. The explanation is that the Brandon Sun and Mr. A. M. Peterson can believe or endorse anything that is gotten up in the name of "Reform." — Ed. MUN.]

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## FOUND IN AN EYE.

Mon. Theodore, Chef de Surete, sat in his cabinet deeply perplexed. His two elbows on his desk, his hands, his head.

"And was it going to last, this, which had been going on for so long a while? And these assassins, were they going to end by beating him? Were they going to compel him, by adverse public opinion, to send him in his resignation?"

"Parbleu! it looked so, and if they did it on purpose passing the word from one to another to try to get out of their skins."

"Eight assassinations—said after another."

Crimes of the worst calibre, with startling details, which people alike with horrifying visions the sleep of the bureaucrat and the concierge." And not an assassin, for all their skillful work, had they been able to lay their hands upon? They had failed, every man of them; then had disappeared, vanished off, like a part of all mystery, despatch, itself.

"And you can't get without leaving evidence behind them. Frankly, it had begun to pass the bounds of all reason."

"And now, to top off these eight other crimes, there was still another one, a ninth one—a murder, like the others, accomplished the evening before, under similar conditions, a femme-fatale with her throat cut, five thousand francs worth of jewels gone, and—not a trace of the assassin's name."

Behind his red whiskers, the man who had long been in admiration and emulation of his country, M. Theodore felt himself drift into melancholy reflection not unmixed with anger.

"Nine murders, one after the other: nine crimes without an author; no names! impossible!" The Chef de Surete pulled his chair together, threw back his head like a wasp whose stinging battle—the door closed.

It was his secretary who presented him with, bearing a card in his fingers.

"A gentleman, monsieur, who insists upon seeing you. He declares—and the Secretary smiled a little at the absurdity of the claim—"he declares himself in a position to furnish you with definite particulars regarding the crime of yesterday."

"Ah, the crime of yesterday?" The Chef turned quickly, "then bid him enter," said he, and while the Secretary regaled the man to do his bidding, Mon. Theodore cast his eye upon the card before him.

"Frederick Bouscail" he read in a half voice. "Bouscail, Bouscail! It seems to me that I know that name—that I have heard it somewhere."

He scrawled a line upon a scrap of paper, handed it to his Secretary, who returned at the moment ushering in the visitor who had asked to see him, dismissed him with a word, and was ready for the master in hand.

Mon. Theodore raised his eyes. Before him was a man, but a truly clothed man, a frank and honest countenance, though veiled, as by a cloud, with sadness. The eyes were clear and open, the mustache and goatee gray and pointed; in short, there was something in his manner, something in his whole appearance, of a militaire "in retreat."

"You have particulars to give me, have you not, monsieur?" questioned the Chef de Surete, "particulars, I believe, of the crime of yesterday."

"I hope so, monsieur," simply responded the visitor.

"Ah, hope so! You are not then sure?"

"It rests with you, Mon. le Chef, whether I am sure or not. All depends, in fact, upon an operation the means of which you alone are aware of."

"Frankly, if you please."

"Certainly, and at once, though doubtless you have heard it spoken of, Mon. le Chef, a certain scientific procedure which permits under certain conditions, better even than description could do, a reconstruction of the portrait of an assassin. Briefly, behold my meaning. You know, of course," he continued, "that in a portrait, the features are the objects which we see thrown or formed upon the retina of the eye, itself, in plain words, upon the retina of the eye, an image which remains there until displaced by another. It has been proved also that this image persists even after death. You recognize, therefore, that if a person murdered has been struck from the front, and in a light sufficiently strong to make the features in which his eyes would be the face or form of the murderer. Naturally the image of that face or figure would be thrown upon the retina of the eye where, and this is what I came to say—it is not only possible to find it, but also possible to reproduce it. Ah, well, moreover, in the case which occupies us—"

The door of the cabinet opened anew, and the Secretary of Mon. Theodore re-entered, holding in his hand a roll of papers that he laid before his chief, then turned and was gone again as quietly as he had come. Mon. Theodore lifted it and ran his eye over the contents.

"You are named Frederick Bouscail, are you not, monsieur?" he demanded presently, addressing his visitor.

"Yes, Mon. le Chef. Frederick Bouscail."

"Fifty-eight years, Mon. le Chef."

"Honorable." Mon. Theodore rapidly twisted the sheets beside him. "Twenty seven years?" he murmured, and thinking aloud. "So it was not you who, who was imprisoned two years ago, and condemned for conspiracy and the theft of a thousand francs?"

A sudden flush emperured the countenance of the visitor, and he responded with effort, in a stiff voice: "No, it was not I—it was—my son."

"An—" Credit Agricole, was ignorant of what has been.

"It is fifteen months that his son have been without news," said Mon. le Chef, that child disappears, and our shame. He has broken our hearts, dismoured our—

His voice was choked; he was silent, unable evidently to go on.

"Pard me, monsieur," said the Chef de Surete, "I never received a painful wound, but—I listen to you—you were saying?"

The man passed his hands over his brow, and said to his host: "The boy is dead. He ate the whole bottle of brandy, a pint of ale, and was alive at six o'clock."

"Now Accounting for Tastes," Young Wife George, hadn't you better go to laundry as soon as you're washed up, when you're down town?"

George Aitch surprised! A laundryman! You told us before we were married that you had your mother wash and that you had nothing to do with net."

Young George—did help her, George. I always used to read to her while she scrubbed clothes.

A Happy Thought Lives poor oft remind us We can make our lives richer If we only leave behind us Not one vestige of a rhyme.

"Draw it—but how?" By voluntariness—it is my business.

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## THE BRANDON MAIL

### A DESPERATE MOVE.

BY W. J. WATEBS.

#### CHAPTER I.

The family to which I belong would usually be called "decayed."

Before I was out of my teens I was brought face to face with the fact that any of the world's goods I might wish to enjoy I must earn for myself. A family concave was held in evidence which I found most favor with my friend was that I was good for nothing. I possessed, however, a certain facility for drawing, so I was sent by the contributions of my mother and cousins to learn the art and mystery of engraving.

At time went on I prospered in my trade, and almost forgot my youthful dreams of an easy life, with its splendors of red coats and blue bunting. I led a quiet and secluded existence, rarely going from my lodgings except on errands connected with my work. One evening, however, I was kept later than usual, and knew that I should loose the dinner prepared by my landlady. I determined to repair the loss by dining elsewhere, and for this purpose entered a restaurant over whose portals loomed up the majestic title, "The Grand Circassian Cafe and Divan."

On entering I found few signs of the oriental splendor which one might have expected from the name over the door. It was a long, dreary room, with a glass-and-bottle laden counter at one end, behind which sat a young lady with a head of hair wrought in wondrous fashion. As I entered she glared at me in such forbidding wise that I believed I should have turned and gone dinneires away, but for the advent of a little Italian waiter, who shuffled up to me and thrust into my hand the bill of fare. In answer to my first inquiries he informed me that I could have anything I liked; but, when I began to particularize, I found that everything I pitched upon was either "just off," or would take twenty minutes to prepare. Then many of the dishes in their foreign guise were profound mysteries to me, and I feared to make trial of their composition, so my French dinner finally resolved itself into a beefsteak and potatoes.

During my meal I sat absorbed over a volume of *Defoe*, which I had picked up at a bookstall on my way. I was almost undisturbed, for the Grand Circassian Cafe and Divan did not seem to be doing a roaring trade, at any rate on this particular evening. Several foreign gentlemen swaggered in and exchanged some phrases of elegant chaff with the young lady at the counter, who listened to them most graciously, though they did no more for the benefit of the house than to enter into the room, with a smile and a tip-of-the-hat. At a table in a corner two Frenchmen who had been dining were making a great noise over a game of dominoes, but I settled myself over my pipe and book and cup of coffee, and read on in spite of their chatter.

As the evening went on divers persons, evidently regular customers, came in, but I took little heed of them. At last on looking up I perceived that the table immediately in front of me was occupied by a venerable-looking old gentleman with a most benevolent expression of countenance and the handsomest white beard I ever saw.

His eyes met mine, and I divined at once that he was of a communicative nature, but I was so deeply absorbed in reading that I felt indisposed to make any essay in conversation. I ordered another cup of coffee, but had nestled myself when I was disturbed by an noise opposite, and, looking up, I saw the old gentleman struggling in vain to reach a match box which stood in the remote end of his table. Then I noticed for the first time a pair of crutches standing beside him, and, judging that he was a cripple, I rose and placed the matches close to him.

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The old man thanked me most courteous-ly, and, from the tone in which he spoke, and the friendly look in his eyes, I could see that he was trying for a chat. There was something, too, in his manner and appearance which greatly took my fancy; and, point as were the attractions of my book and pipe, I moved my eyes over to the adjoining table, and was soon in conversation with a new acquaintance.

It was, as I have before remarked, a particularly handsome man, and he was, besides, evidently a man of means and refinement. I never listened to a softer or more melodious speaking voice than his, was, on the contrary, a kindly smile overspread his noble countenance. I found, too, that he was conversant with subjects such as one hardly expects to find within the range of discussions of Circassian divans and places of public resort. He began with music.

He had found I soon began to flounder out of my depth, so he turned the conversation with perfect ease to painting. Just as that time the collection of a certain marquis were being sold by auction, and, to hear the old gentleman talk about them, one would have fancied that he must have seen them every day for the last twenty years. He compared the prices they were now fetching with those paid by the collector when they were purchased, and he grew particularly disposed over some rare engravings by an early Dutch master which had been sold the day previous; and here I could meet him on equal terms, for I had a little time before picked up a damaged copy of this engraver's prints, and the topic had as much interest for me, as a worker, as for my companion the amateur.

"Ah, I see you know something of engraving," he said, with a ring of eagerness in his voice. I blushed, and felt a little relieved that I had no longer to carry on a conversation in which I was so distinctly at a disadvantage as I replied.

"I am afraid I know next to nothing of the history of engraving. I have a fancy for those Dutch and German workers, and always pick up any bit of theirs which I see going cheap. Engraving is my trade."

"Indeed. You have been taught the art, then?"

"Would that my parents and guardians had done so much for me! I scratch a little myself, just as I do everything in a really amateurish fashion. You love your art, I am sure?"

"I am grateful to it," I replied, "since we are talking sometime, and were after little joined by a tall, bearded man, one of

gives me my bread, and I love it as I love art in all its phrases. I never cared much about art until I became a poor man."

"So! Then my first impression of you was right. When I saw you take your book out of your pocket, I said to myself: 'That man is a gentleman, and has known better days!'"

"I hope at least the first part of your reflection is true," I replied with a laugh; "as to better days, I think I am as well off now as ever I was."

"I am delighted to hear you say so. Now in your proper person you are, according to your own confession, a proof of a pet theory mine, one I can never accept by the Yahooes one met in general intercourse. How often does one hear the sneer about beggarly dawlers and the like, and a certain man is poor because he is an artist, I on the contrary, maintain that a man only becomes a true artist through poverty, because he has been driven by dire necessity to seek in art a consolation ten times more satisfying than any the modern millionaire can find in all his unlimited spending."

I did not quite accept the logic of my new friend, but he had at least hit my own case, and that was enough for me.

"I quite agree with you," I replied, assenting. "I myself begin to feel some art in what I have learned to call space in art when I have given up a lot of time to study the principles of perspective, light and shade, and to make myself a good draughtsman."

"Oh, I don't know what they call themselves, but Nihilists wouldn't be a bad name for them, seeing that they are always going to do some thing which turns out to be nothing after all."

"Are they French or Italian, or what?"

"Oh, some of all sorts. They're a funny set. Most of them would not hurt a mouse in private life, and yet to hear them talk sometimes of the methods they propose to employ to set the world right is enough to make your hair stand on end."

"Do they come here every night?" I asked.

"There's a lot of coming and going in the movement. One day Luddite's the man who spoke to us, is sent to Messina, and the next day a stranger arrives from Verviers. It seems to me as if the railways got more out of the movement than the suffering people, at any rate at present. They don't look very happy over it all, do they?"

"No, that is so. Ah, well, there will always be restless spirits in the world, but what a pity it is, as my young friend, that men cannot be content as you and I are, with what you were saying when our melancholy friend interrupted us. Well, some day we will have a talk about the Infinite, and the Eternal Energies, and the Incomprehensible Realities, but just now I want to make a confession to you, and to ask your advice."

To ask my advice? This gray-haired man, who spoke familiarly of things I knew not even by name! Was it humble-mindedness on his part—I had often heard that the greatest men were most given than way—or was it real appreciation of some hitherto undiscovered merit of mine?

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"I have in hand a literary work which will, I hope, leave some impression upon the sands of Time," he went on. "No mere ephemeral scribbling. It is a reprint, with notes of a old translation of the poems of the Minnesingers. A good friend of mine, whom I hope you will meet before long, has helped me with the notes and comments. It is to be printed in the most sumptuous fashion, with all the original engravings and initial letters, and it is about this latter that I want your advice, for they are my particular care."

I could, of course, only say that my advice, as far as it might be of any use, was very much at my companion's service.

"Ah," said Mr. Bellamy, with his most pleasant smile, "but I fear you will soon find out that I am one of those people who want the ell directly the inch is given, or even before. Before you give me your advice I am going to ask you for something else. I want the help of your delicate fingers. I have finished myself all the initial letters, save one, and this one, the most beautiful of them all, has completely baffled me. There is work in it which I must confess, quite beyond my powers, but to you it would be child's play, and no more. I am quite certain on this point, after what you have shown me this evening, that I want your advice, for they are my particular care."

I was rather taken back at this suggestion, for I did not much relish the idea of exhibiting, as samples of my art, debute certificates on the Patagonian Grand Trunk Railway, or such like work.

"Bring anything," he said; "I can judge from a bill heading or a tradesman's card, just as well as from the most complicated drapery or flesh work, and if I do not find you too much my master, I may, perhaps, some day show you something of my own."

I left soon after this, for two or three men had come into the room during our conversation, and they all of them gave my companion a salute as they passed. I was unwilling to be in the way, now that the time for his evening chat had come. As I had him good bye he put in my hand a visiting card, upon which I read the words "Mr. Eugene Bellamy"; and I, on my part, promised to come back the next evening, and let him see some samples of my engraving.

I lived such a regular and uneventful life, I had no such intimates, that the addition of a speaking acquaintance to my number was in itself an event; and I could but feel that the man I had met to night was not an ordinary personage. I thought much of him as I walked home through the thickening fog, and I sat over my plate next day.

On the next day I gave over work an hour sooner than usual, and in addition to the collection of samples of my daily toll, got together in my head a supplementary selection of abstract question, and my own opinions thereon, to be fired off, if opportunity should favor me, as soon as our exclusively art group should come to an end.

When I arrived at the Grand Circassian Cafe and Divan I found my sage already in his place, and I was, will confess, a little fatteried at the anxiety he displayed to look at my work. I naturally thought most of the decorative examples, of the roadside views and the guide-book illustrations; but Mr. Bellamy, I observed, took little heed of these. They were pretty enough, he remarked, but his estimate of an engraver's merit would always be given for less showy samples which at the same time demanded far more care and attention, such work for instance, as I had put into the plate from which the certificates of the Santa Ana Silver Mining Company had been struck off, or the first mortgage bonds of the San Juan del Poder Railway. That was the sort of work whereby to judge of a man's power over his tool; and from the praise he lavished on my scrolly and wavy ground work, and the unique national emblems of the more impudent Spanish American States, I gathered that his estimate of my powers was a very favorable one.

We sat talking sometime, and were after little joined by a tall, bearded man, one of

those I had noticed on the previous evening, and to him my companion made me known as a valued young friend, but he mentioned not the tall man's name nor my own either. For this later omission, however, there was good reason, seeing that he did not know it himself.

The tall man did not favor us long with his company. He spoke a few words in French to my companion and shook his head in a mournful manner, as if the world was not going well with him, and then he went off to join a group of others shabby and trifling as himself, who had congregated in another corner of the room. The old man shook his head as he glanced at the party. "I dare say you guess what their game is," he whispered to me. "Patriotism! They have all hit up a different plan of regeneration for their respective fatherlands, but they seem latterly to be all coming around to the view that it will be necessary to massacre one half of the world in order to save the other. My heart gave a leap of excitement at finding myself, if not a real conspirator, at least in the same room with some of the most blood-minded of the tribe." And so to me, coming as I did into the warmth and light out of the darkness and squalor of the miserable street without.

"You see, I make myself tolerably comfortable, considering that I live in the slums," said Mr. Bellamy, as he stirred the fire, which sent a warm glow upon the brown backs of the old books on the shelves, and the faded green of the curtains, which were, I now saw, old Genoa velvet. "When one is enclosed for life as I am, one takes pleasure in getting a few pretty things together. I've collected in almost every line, one time or other, and shall have a lot of curious things to show you by-and-by, but to-night we must confine ourselves to the Minnesingers and their initial letters. Ah, there they are. Just put that portfolio of prints on the table will you?"

Mr. Bellamy unfastened the portfolio and laid it upon the table. "Here are my treasures," he said, "but you must know I haven't got the original manuscript. My friend, to whom that belongs, is too much of a bibliomaniac and a man of the world to let it go out of his sight, and I must say I think he's quite right. I'd as soon trust a dowager with old Venetian rose-point as a collector of prints with the originals of them. I think I was very lucky to get him to allow me to have them photographed. This, and the next, I have done," he added, as he turned over the photographs, which seemed to be reproductions of some Durer-like illustrations. "These I could manage tolerably well, as I think you'll admit, when you see my plates, but where is the puzzler, the one I want you to tackle? Ah, here it is." And as he spoke he drew out from the rest of the drawings, and asked me to place it on the mantel-piece for inspection.

My first glance at it told me that it was entirely different in character from anything I had yet looked at. It certainly could never have been the work of any contemporary of the artist whose drawings I had looked at. Mr. Bellamy at once saw that I was very lucky to get him to allow me to have them photographed. This, and the next, I have done," he added, as he turned over the photographs, which seemed to be reproductions of some Durer-like illustrations. "These I could manage tolerably well, as I think you'll admit, when you see my plates, but where is the puzzler, the one I want you to tackle? Ah, here it is." And as he spoke he drew out from the rest of the drawings, and asked me to place it on the mantel-piece for inspection.

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"It represented a woman, fair and stately, with a wreath in one hand and a spear in the other, seated on a rock, with the sea in the background. In the calm beauty of face and dignity of figure she was much more like the modern embodiment of the ideal German—such as, of late, I have seen marble shape so plentifully in many a

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almost entirely covered by book-cases. Heavy curtains fall over the window recess and over the mantelpiece, which was of marble and handsomely carved, hung a fine engraving of Lo Spozaliz; and on either side of it stood a rather florid specimen of modern French bronze work. There was a massive oak table in the centre of the room covered with books, and a reading lamp; a corner was arranged to serve for anyone sitting in a large easy chair, placed between the fireplace and the water. There was a cozy, home-like atmosphere in the room which would have been noticeable anywhere, and it seemed doubly so to me, coming as I did into the warmth and light out of the darkness and squalor of the miserable street without.

"You see, I make myself tolerably comfortable, considering that I live in the slums," said Mr. Bellamy, as he stirred the fire, which sent a warm glow upon the brown backs of the old books on the shelves, and the faded green of the curtains, which were, I now saw, old Genoa velvet. "When one is enclosed for life as I am, one takes pleasure in getting a few pretty things together. I've collected in almost every line, one time or other, and shall have a lot of curious things to show you by-and-by, but to-night we must confine ourselves to the Minnesingers and their initial letters. Ah, there they are. Just put that portfolio of prints on the table will you?"

Mr. Bellamy unfastened the portfolio and laid it upon the table. "Here are my treasures," he said, "but you must know I haven't got the original manuscript. My friend, to whom that belongs, is too much of a bibliomaniac and a man of the world to let it go out of his sight, and I must say I think he's quite right. I'd as soon trust a dowager with old Venetian rose-point as a collector of prints with the originals of them. I think I was very lucky to get him to allow me to have them photographed. This, and the next, I have done," he added, as he turned over the photographs, which seemed to be reproductions of some Durer-like illustrations. "These I could manage tolerably well, as I think you'll admit, when you see my plates, but where is the puzzler, the one I want you to tackle? Ah, here it is." And as he spoke he drew out from the rest of the drawings, and asked me to place it on the mantel-piece for inspection.

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## LOCAL NEWS

**JOHN SPERS** has been gazetted veterinary for the Co. of Dennis.

**CABERREY** is found to have just 780 inhabitants when the census was taken.

R. JOHNSON, Briarwood, met a heavy loss by lightning last week in having his stable, ladder etc. destroyed.

Ed. RING, Pipestone, was run over by his wagon last week and received a bad bruising of the head and face.

JAMES BELL, the new Messiah of Saymuth, Ga., had last Friday set for the day of judgment. If he was really anxious for that day he should have allowed someone to have sued him a month or so before.

An illustrated article on the Maybrick case, the Winnipeg Sun has cuts of both Mr. and Mrs. Maybrick. If these people resembled the cuts in any prominent particulars they ought to have been hung long ago for robbery or something else.

A grisly dispatch of Friday says: "An accident occurred here yesterday, in which Joseph Reid, a boy of eleven years of age, nearly had his foot cut off. He went in front of the binder to clean some weeds off the knives, when the horses started with the machine in gear. Dr. Large, of Griswold, and Dr. Young, of Virden, are in attendance on the boy."

A little daughter of Mr. John King who lives near Minnedosa, killed a snake last week which measured over three feet in length. The snake was thought to be extraordinarily large and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that it contained 43 little snakes each measuring about six inches in length. Killing the snake was an exhibition of pluck not likely for a girl or even in women.

At the last meeting of the provincial Board of Education at Winnipeg the subject of the length of the normal session for normal teachers was taken into consideration. It was recognized that six weeks have proved insufficient to enable the normal instructors to do satisfactory work with the students; and was therefore resolved that the next session for third class teachers shall commence on February 1st, 1890, and continue from that date until the 20th April, at two different points each in charge of one of the Normal school masters, with such assistance as the Board may then be able to provide.

The Minister of the Interior has recently decided that the privilege of converting eighty acre homesteads and pre-emption entries into entries of 160 acres each may be extended to those persons who have had patents issued for their eighty acre homesteads or who have been recommended for patent, and have paid for their eighty acre pre-emption. The money paid for the eighty acre pre-emption will be applied by the department on account of the additional quarter section the homesteader is entitled to.

The following from the pen of a Pritchard of the parish of St. Paul, Man., an old farmer, may be of some service to those who are in doubts about early frosts in this country. "After careful observation I have always considered the 6th of September to be the earliest date the country is visited by damaging frosts, and the crop can withstand that date as a rule frost free. In my 20 years experience as a farmer I have made it a rule to have all my grain cut by that date, and I can say with confidence that my crops stand up well against any frost. I have never had my crops damaged by frost. August frost is very rare occurrence, the greatest danger being between the 10th and the 20th, but such an occurrence may happen once in 20 or 30 years. I have never found that very little ripening takes place after the 20th Aug., not enough at any rate to warrant a man standing the risk of having his grain destroyed by leaving it a few days longer."

BRANDON'S second hand Jew undertook quite a stroke of business the other day. Messrs. Strone & Whitehead got in a car load of apples and on their arrival they were found to be damaged. The specious son of Levi got word of this and bought the lot "because they were cheap." It was then his ingenuity began to play, and he succeeded in the principle but not in all the details. He took the apples out of each barrel, put in good ones instead and sold the barrels of excellent fruit headed up cheap. Miss Crighton was the purchaser of one of the barrels, and as soon as the old man was caught on to the racket, as the boys say, he visited the Jew shop and made the Israelite disgorge. It is not them always true "The Jews have no dealing with the Gentiles."

The new book entitled "Johnstown Flood," published by H. S. Goodspeed & Co., New York, is perhaps the latest work yet, we do not feel ourselves amiss in pronouncing it also the best. Everywhere throughout the country the heart of sympathy and kindness showed itself in generous contributions which soon rolled up into millions. Even the Chicago fire failed to stir up the same passion of fellow-feeling, because there, although the loss of property was great, that of life was comparatively small. We cannot but believe it will be long ere this profound interest sinks into indifference. This permanent record will be welcomed by the people of the land, North, South, East and West, and wherever people can read. The author seems to have taken pains in writing an accurate as well as dramatic story, and the whole thing is presented with a vigor and life likeness which brings it home to every heart. Mr. Perris has studied this whole matter with great care, and serves it to the public in admirable style. The book is well made, and has forty-eight handsome illustrations and 522 pages. We believe that any one who has an opportunity should seize the chance to purchase this thrilling work. Agents are wanted. H. S. Goodspeed & Co. pay all the duty.

Two carloads of chinamen passed through for the west on Monday.

The moral sense of some Brandon Hills people was shocked Sunday week by a neighbor running a binder all day.

CLOTHIER'S elevator at Otterburn was destroyed by fire last week. Loss about \$5,000, insured for \$3,000.

The heavy rain on Monday will help the garden stuff along and by the appearance of some of the city gardens the root crops will be up to the average this year.

MESSES J. S. MAXWELL, B. TROTTER, J. W. ANDERSON, R. KENNEDY, W. J. BURCHILL, and DR. MORE were visitors at the hub last week attending the Grand Lodge L. O. F.

The Local Government's crop reports place the average yield of wheat at 14.8 bushels per acre. This cannot be far out and will make the export double that of last season or at least eight millions.

MR. BURROWS has been acquitted in the charge of H. J. Clark against him for libel, but at the same time it must be admitted there is no justification for the publications of the late Call against Mr. Clarke.

MR. HERINSTALL met with a serious accident the other day. He fell putting his hand through a window, the glass making serious gashes on the palm. The wounds are very painful and necessitate the elevation of the arm in a sling.

MR. JAMES PAISLEY has had his own share of worldly trouble the past few days. On the heels of his business difficulties came the loss of his only son, a promising boy of nine months, on Thursday last. The remains were interred on Saturday followed by a large funeral.

MISS MAUD E. MAYWOOD, sister of Messrs. Maywood Bros., succumbed to that fell disease, consumption, on Wednesday, and was buried on Friday. She struggled bravely for a long time, but was finally overcome. The deceased lady had a large number of friends by whom her premature death will be deeply regretted.

In a few days many of our city merchants will change their quarters. Somerville, McKechnie & Co. will move into Dr. McDiamond's new stores, and Mr. A. C. Fraser will take the store vacated. Mr. Paisley and W. E. Flumerfelt will take the other McDiamond buildings, and F. Nation & Co. will move into their own handsome structure.

The following provincial appointments have been gazetted: To be a conveyancer for the province: J. E. Alexander, of Souris. To be district veterinarian for the county of Oak Lake: Dennis J. Spies, V. S. To be district veterinarian for the county of Oak Lake: Dennis J. Spies, V. S. To be district veterinarian for the county of Turtle Mountain: J. St. Clair Walker, V. S., of Bismarck, via A. M. Livingston.

At the Provincial Rifle match at Winnipeg last week Capt. Wastie, Wm. Houston, J. Huston, P. McGregor, J. Shumman and W. H. Shillington were down from this city. In the 400 yards, 7 shots, Mr. Shumman, of the 93rd took first prize, and Mr. Huston the 2nd. The 100 yards and the 300 yards were won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 500 yards. The 1000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 1500 yards. The 2000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 3000 yards. The 4000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 5000 yards. The 6000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 7000 yards. The 8000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 9000 yards. The 10000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 11000 yards. The 12000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 13000 yards. The 14000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 15000 yards. 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The 160000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 161000 yards. The 162000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 163000 yards. The 164000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 165000 yards. The 166000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 167000 yards. The 168000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 169000 yards. The 170000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 171000 yards. The 172000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 173000 yards. The 174000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 175000 yards. The 176000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 177000 yards. The 178000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 179000 yards. The 180000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 181000 yards. The 182000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 183000 yards. The 184000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 185000 yards. The 186000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 187000 yards. The 188000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 189000 yards. The 190000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 191000 yards. The 192000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 193000 yards. The 194000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 195000 yards. The 196000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 197000 yards. The 198000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 199000 yards. The 200000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 201000 yards. The 202000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 203000 yards. The 204000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 205000 yards. The 206000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 207000 yards. The 208000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 209000 yards. The 210000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 211000 yards. The 212000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 213000 yards. The 214000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 215000 yards. The 216000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 217000 yards. The 218000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 219000 yards. The 220000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 221000 yards. The 222000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 223000 yards. The 224000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 225000 yards. The 226000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 227000 yards. The 228000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 229000 yards. The 230000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 231000 yards. The 232000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 233000 yards. The 234000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 235000 yards. The 236000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 237000 yards. The 238000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 239000 yards. The 240000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 241000 yards. The 242000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 243000 yards. The 244000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 245000 yards. The 246000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 247000 yards. The 248000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 249000 yards. The 250000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 251000 yards. The 252000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 253000 yards. The 254000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 255000 yards. The 256000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 257000 yards. The 258000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 259000 yards. The 260000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 261000 yards. The 262000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 263000 yards. The 264000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 265000 yards. The 266000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 267000 yards. The 268000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 269000 yards. The 270000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 271000 yards. The 272000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 273000 yards. The 274000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 275000 yards. The 276000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 277000 yards. The 278000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 279000 yards. The 280000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 281000 yards. The 282000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 283000 yards. The 284000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 285000 yards. The 286000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 287000 yards. The 288000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 289000 yards. The 290000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 291000 yards. The 292000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 293000 yards. The 294000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 295000 yards. The 296000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 297000 yards. The 298000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 299000 yards. The 300000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 301000 yards. The 302000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 303000 yards. The 304000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 305000 yards. The 306000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 307000 yards. The 308000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 309000 yards. The 310000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 311000 yards. The 312000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 313000 yards. The 314000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 315000 yards. The 316000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 317000 yards. The 318000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 319000 yards. The 320000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 321000 yards. The 322000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 323000 yards. The 324000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 325000 yards. The 326000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 327000 yards. The 328000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 329000 yards. The 330000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 331000 yards. The 332000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 333000 yards. The 334000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 335000 yards. The 336000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 337000 yards. The 338000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 339000 yards. The 340000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 341000 yards. The 342000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 343000 yards. The 344000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 345000 yards. The 346000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 347000 yards. The 348000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 349000 yards. The 350000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 351000 yards. The 352000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 353000 yards. The 354000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 355000 yards. The 356000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 357000 yards. The 358000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 359000 yards. The 360000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 361000 yards. The 362000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 363000 yards. The 364000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 365000 yards. The 366000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 367000 yards. The 368000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 369000 yards. The 370000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 371000 yards. The 372000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 373000 yards. The 374000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 375000 yards. The 376000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 377000 yards. The 378000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 379000 yards. The 380000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 381000 yards. The 382000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 383000 yards. The 384000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 385000 yards. The 386000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 387000 yards. The 388000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 389000 yards. The 390000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 391000 yards. The 392000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 393000 yards. The 394000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 395000 yards. The 396000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 397000 yards. The 398000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 399000 yards. The 400000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 401000 yards. The 402000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 403000 yards. The 404000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 405000 yards. The 406000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 407000 yards. The 408000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 409000 yards. The 410000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 411000 yards. The 412000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 413000 yards. The 414000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 415000 yards. The 416000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 417000 yards. The 418000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 419000 yards. The 420000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 421000 yards. The 422000 yards was won by Mr. Huston, and Mr. Shumman took the 4